

# SERIAL STORY

## THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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### SYNOPSIS

Young Arden and Henry Major (Arden's ally) upon learning that the governor of North Carolina is expected to have returned, Arden and Major, accompanied by Henry Major, decide to go to the governor's home. Arden and Major, accompanied by Henry Major, decide to go to the governor's home. Arden and Major, accompanied by Henry Major, decide to go to the governor's home.

### CHAPTER XVII

#### On the Road to Turner's.

"Who goes there?"  
"A jug."  
"What kind of a jug?"  
"A little brown jug from Kildare."

Thus Mr. Thomas Arden, tested his pickets with a shillibidie of his own devising. The sturdy militiamen of North Carolina patrolled the northern bank of Raccoon creek at midnight, aware that riotous flood alone separated them from their foes. The torches at Arden's battery, while, upon a cot in the wine cellar beneath Mr. Hill's apartment, slept the sleep of the just.

He was rudely aroused, however, at one o'clock in the morning by Arden, Cooke and Collins, and taken into the kitchen to one of the Arden farm wagons. His Paul held the reins, and four of Cooke's detectives were mounted on escort. Arden, Cooke and Collins were to accompany the party as a board of strategy in the movement upon Turner Court House, South Carolina.

Applewhite, the terror of the border, blinked at the lanterns that flashed about him in the courtyard. He had been numbed by his imprisonment, and even now he yielded himself docilely to the inevitable. His capture in the first instance at Mount Nelo had been clear enough, and he could have placed his hand on the men who did it if he had been free for a couple of hours. This he had confided over his inflicting solitaire as he sat on the case of Chastain Dize in the Arden wine cellar, but the subsequent events had been altogether too much for him. He had been taken from his original captors by a girl, and while the ignominy of this was not lost on the outlaw, his will had been unbroken to the further fact, which he had no ground for doubting, that this captivity within the walls of Arden had been due to a daughter of that very governor of North Carolina whom he had counted his friend.

"The road between Kildare and Turner's is fairly good," announced Cooke, "though we've got to travel four miles to strike it. Griffole evidently thinks that holding the creek is all there is of this business, and he won't find out till morning that we've crawled round his line and placed Applewhite in jail at Turner's, where he belongs."

"You must have a good story ready for the press, Collins," said Arden. "The North Carolina border counties don't want Applewhite injured, and Gov. Dargatzoff don't want any harm to come to him—you may be sure of that, or Bill would have been doing time long ago. It was very impolitic of you not to tell me you were ready to start," and Jerry came kindly from the side entrance, dressed for the saddle and clapping a blount.

demand, resignation and impotent rage. Beside the wagon rode Miss Jerry Dargatzoff, alert and confident. Arden and Collins were immediately behind her, and she indulged the journalist in some mild chaff from time to time, to his infinite delight, though considerably to Arden's distress of heart. For though no words had passed between him and Jerry as to the disgraceful flight of the adjutant general, yet the master of Arden was in a petulant mood. The moon had left the constellation to the softer radiance of the stars, but there was sufficient light for Arden to mark the gentle lines of Jerry's face, as she lifted it now and then to seek the bright glances above.

Paul drove his team at a trot over the smooth road of the estate to a rustic and little used gate on the north side, but still safely removed from the South Carolina pickets along the Raccoon.

"It's all right over there," remarked Collins, jerking his head toward the creek. The trading parties are waiting for morning and battle. I suppose that when we send word to Griffole that Applewhite is in a South Carolina jail it will change the scene of operations. It will then be Griffole's painful task to deliver his own law-and-order sentiment and the local carrying of the law and order. The possibility of this rumour goes to his Arden."

"There is no rumour," Mr. Collins said Jerry over her shoulder. "The governor of North Carolina is merely giving expression in his civic pride and virtue."

Leaving Arden, they followed a dimly visible road until they reached the highway that connects Turner's and Kildare.

"It's going to be morning pretty soon. We must get the prisoner into Turner's by five o'clock. Trot 'em up, Paul," ordered Cooke.

They were all in capital spirits, with a fairly good road before them, leading straight to Turner's, and with no expectation of any trouble in landing their prisoner safely in jail.

They were well into South Carolina territory now, and were jogging on at a sharp trot, when suddenly Cooke turned back and halted the wagon.

"There's something coming," said Cooke. "Maybe Hill's friends are out looking for me," suggested Collins.

"If we're accosted, what shall we say?" he asked.

"Well, say," replied Jerry instantly, "that one of the laborers at Arden is dead, and that we are taking his remains to his wife's family at Turner's. I shall be his grief-stricken widow."

The guards already had Applewhite down on the floor of the wagon, where one of them sat on his feet to make sure he did not create a disturbance. At her own suggestion Jerry dismounted and climbed into the wagon, where she sat on the side board, with her head deeply bowed as though in grief.

"Pretty picture of a sorrowing widow," mumbled Collins. Arden punched him in the ribs to make him stop laughing. To the quick step of walking, however, of them was now added the whisper and creak of leather.

"Hello, there!" yelled Cooke, wishing to take the initiative.

"Hello?" answered a voice, and all was still.

"Give us the road!" commanded Cooke, and without further delay they started ahead, closing about the wagon to diminish, as far as possible, the size of the caravan. Paul kept the horses at a walk, as became their old errand, and Jerry continued to weep dolorously.

"They passed the horsemen at a slight rise in the rolling road. The party bound for Turner's moved dead ahead, the horsemen halted about the wagon, with Jerry's old horse between Arden and Collins at the rear. At the top of the knoll facing the returning dancers, well to the left of the road, permitting with due respect the passing of the funeral party. One of them, Arden, would have sworn, lifted his hat until the wagon had passed. Then some one called good night, and looking back, Arden saw them—a dozen men, he judged—regain the road and quietly resume their journey toward Kildare.

"Pretty peaceful for fellows who've been attending a dance," suggested Collins, raising his neck to look after them.

"One fellow lifted his hat as we passed, and I thought—"

"Well, what did you think, Mr. Arden?" demanded Cooke impatiently.

"Well, it may seem strange, but I thought there was something about that chap that suggested Griffole."

They paused to allow Jerry to resume her horse, and one of the detectives joined in the conference to venture his opinion that the man they had passed was in uniform. "They looked like militia to me," and as he was a careful man, Cooke took note of his remark, though he made no comment.

But as they moved on toward Turner's, Arden was still troubled over what had seemed to him the remarkable fact that the man they had passed was in uniform. "They looked like militia to me," and as he was a careful man, Cooke took note of his remark, though he made no comment.

The stars paled under the growing light of the early summer dawn. Applewhite, with shoulders wearily drooping, contemplated the attending cortege with the gaze of one who reluctantly accepts a condition he does not in the least understand.

A few early risers saw the strange company enter and proceed to the jail; but before half the community had breakfasted, Bill Applewhite, the outlaw, was securely locked in all in Turner Court House, the seat of Mingo county, in the state of South Carolina, and the jailer, moreover, was sharing the distinguished captive's thrall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stewardship of Wealth.

There is no people in the world like the American in the number of men and women who look upon their title to wealth as involving stewardship and disposition of income and principal for public ends. During the last 17 years the amount of gifts, in sums of \$5,000 or more, to religious, educational, philanthropic and civic causes, has been many millions over a billion dollars, the record for the year just closing amounting to \$141,250,000, or \$40,000,000 more than during any previous year. Add to this the enormous sum that is given each year in sums smaller than \$5,000, given either as regular contributions to religious, educational and charitable causes, or left as bequests for the same "philanthropic" purposes, and it begins to appear why the latter part of the century has been so favorable to the consummation of the propaganda than the centuries before.

The Eggman in Philadelphia.

A young farmer from Clementon, N. J., was selling eggs at the corner of Fourth and South streets when a bartender walked up to him and asked him the price of a dozen eggs. The farmer answered: "Forty cents a dozen, and as there was an extra egg in the dozen he wanted three cents extra, but the bartender wanted it 'thruken in with the bargain.'"

"Well," said the man who sold the liquor, "I will take the egg and treat you to a drink."

"All right," said the farmer. When they came to the tavern he was asked what he would drink, to which he replied: "Well, I'll drink sherry with an egg in it."

And they say farmers buy gold bricks.—Philadelphia Times.

## TRIO OF FOOTBALL CAPTAINS



Fred Conklin of Schoolcraft, Mich., has been chosen captain of the 1917 Michigan football team. Opposed to Conklin for the honor was Standfield Wells, Michigan's star end, who, like Conklin, has played on the team two years and will complete his term of eligibility next season.

Announcement was made by Captain Benbrook that the "M" this year has been awarded to 15 athletes. All of the men who participated in the games with Minnesota and Penn were included, as well as Half Back Green, who was kept out of the two big games by injuries. Capt. Benbrook Magdison, Edmunds, Captain Conklin, Wells, Patterson, Green,

Thomson, Lawton, McMillan, Cornwell, Boyle, Quinn, Horvath, and Cole were the athletes honored.

At Minnesota Pickering was elected as captain of the Gophers, and at Madison Buser was chosen to lead the Badgers. Buser was the only candidate in the field. Buser has played with the Badgers for two years, at guard in 1908 and at tackle in 1910. The football squad was entertained at a smoke the other night by Captain Dean of the Kappa Sigma fraternity house. A petition, signed by every member of the squad, was presented to Athletic Director Klier asking that he recommend Coach Barry for reappointment in 1917.

Charles Evans, Jr., of the Edgewater Golf Club, the "young wizard" of golf, has just completed the most successful season he has ever experienced. Out of twelve "starts," as the turfman would say, "Chick" took eight "firsts," two "seconds," one "third" and was "unplaced" once. In other words, "Chick" took the main prize in eight of the twelve tournaments, was runner-up twice, semifinalist once and dropped out in the first round of the other. The tournaments the Edgewater youngster won, taken in the order played, are: Nashville Invitation, Westward Ho annual, Lincoln (Neb.) Invitation, western Junior



championship, Lake Geneva Invitation, Onwentaia Invitation, western open and Vesper County (Mass.) Invitation.

He was beaten by Rollin Keyes of Glen View, I. op., eleven holes, in his first tournament of the season at his own club, lost by Mason Phelps in the final round for the western amateur championship; was beaten by W. C. Fowles, Jr., of Pittsburgh in the semi-final round of the national amateur championship at Brookline, and lost to Walter J. Travis in the first round of the Glen View Invitation tournament. Only in the national tournament did "Chick" fail to carry off a prize. In the western amateur he was captain of the winning Olympic team; at Glen View he won the north branch trophy and a gold medal, and at Edgewater he

## ISBELL'S WAY OF WINNING

Challenges Every One Who Opposes You and Keep Fighting and Hustling All the Time.

By FRANK ISBELL.

Keep your dicker up and challenge every one who opposes you. Keep fighting and hustling all the time. That's the way to win.

I have worked on baseball clubs that have beaten much stronger clubs, and the secret of our success has been that we always have kept in better condition than our opponents and fought harder. I think I see things clearer now that I am a club owner than I did when I was a player, being able to get both views of the game, and the first thing that strikes me is the necessity of having a leader to keep the entire team moving at top speed, and one who can get the best work out of each man. The game is a peculiar one, because the work of each man depends so much upon the work of those around him.

My idea as a club owner of how I win often conflicts with the idea I had when a player. I have a strong notion that picking the men more because of their nerve, their courage and their disposition than for their playing ability is the winning system.

On the field I think I have helped win more because of "jolting" other players, watching them, stopping them when they are going too fast, than I ever did by individual hitting or fielding. It was the devotion to Jones and to Conklin, and the confidence we felt in them and in each other that won pennants for the White Sox, and if that spirit does not exist in a team the team is beaten, no matter how great its individual strength may be. As for playing the game, I believe in doing the unexpected and putting in plays just when the other team is looking for something else. I always have been a believer in the hit and run game, rather than sacrificing, and also of hitting the ball at unexpected times. For instance, if runners are on bases and all the rules of play seem to point to a sacrifice bunt, and if the other team palpably is expecting a sacrifice, I believe it is good policy to play hit and run as soon as the infield is pulled out of position. I believe also, and I think I may claim that I have won many games by it, that running wild on the bases is one of the best systems of winning baseball games. I know that while I was

was a gold medal for low qualifying score. He added a total of twelve cups to his already large collection, the twelve including a few cups on which he got legs, and took nine medals, eight of which were for low qualifying scores. In addition he held Paul Hunter for low score at Onwentaia, but lost the play-off, although he won the final match in doing it, a stymie causing his loss in the medal score. In addition to the foregoing Evans successfully attacked the record of sixteen club courses, getting counts on eighteen holes and nine holes. He considers his best performance of the season work he did on the last nine holes at Glen View, notching a 3 4 3 4 3 4—32, the only nine holes he ever played perfectly, not a mistake being marked against him. He played in five extra-hole matches and lost only one, that at Edgewater.



Harvey Oldfield declined an offer of \$10,000 to race in ten meets in Australia.

But Nelson says he will begin all over again by meeting the second-raters.

Will any ambitious pug have the audacity to knock Abe Attell down again?

The Cub players have an idea that Carl Lundgren would make a corking umpire.

Packey McFarland easily sees the justice in the change of the lightweight limit from 123 to 135 pounds.

Some amateur wrestlers are clamoring for hammerlocks and pin falls. They are treading ground dangerously close to professionalism.

Wolpert says he is glad Moran defeated Nelson. Probably he did not relish the idea of another 45 gruelling combat with the Battler.

The way Canadian ice hockey is spreading over the United States is one of the signs of the times that the interests of the two countries are well linked.

Pretty soon they are going to begin tinkering with the football rules again. Just as if the football fans weren't muddled enough during the season just passed.

Owen Moran has given out the ultimatum that Volant must fight him before May, 1917. This is time enough for Moran, to cover all the London music halls without extending himself.

The pope, when introduced to Connie Mack, said he was pleased to meet the leader of the American champions of 1910. This is the way the "world's champions" are considered across the big pond.

"Rube" Waddell has been sold again—this time to Minneapolis, the Mecca of major league baseball. Of course, Rube may not know he has been sold, but at any rate it is thought he will not object.

## MADE \$70,000 ON FOOTBALL

This Year Receipts at Yale Fall Behind Last Season's—Attendance Was Large at Start.

Yale's receipts from football this fall reached about \$70,000. The main items in this total are as follows: Harvard game, \$24,000; Princeton game, \$29,000; Brown game, \$5,000; Vanderbilt game, \$1,500; Colgate game, \$1,500. The total is about \$3,000 less than in years when Yale has had the game with Harvard in Cambridge, as Yale fills her stands at home, no matter whether Harvard or Princeton plays there, but when Yale's other big game is with Princeton at Princeton there are only 25,000 people present, while there are 35,000 people at the game Yale plays biennially in Cambridge. This is, then, an off year in Yale football receipts, although the attendance at the early season game was much larger than ever before.